CUP 21 9.37/87

The ECHO *of* FREEDOM.

Tune, *Echoing Horn, in Thomas and Sally.*

THE echo of Freedom call Britons to riſe,
And burſting the ſhackles of fear,
The knave and the tyrant alike to diſpiſe;
The juſt and the brave to revere;
Prepar'd be each voice, and attun'd be each lyre,
Great Liberty's name to reſound;
Let ſpirits that glow with a ſacred fire,
In chorus join chearfully round.
In chorus join chearfully round.

Shall Britons with ſcandal their birth-right deſert,
All trembling, withdraw from the field?
Shall men that are born the grand cauſe to aſſert,
To wretches their privilege yield?
Much ſooner ſhall Britons exiſtence diſclaim,
To manhood reſign all pretence;
Then ceaſe to ſtand forth in their country's name,
Its honour and glory's defence.
Its honour, &c.

Unaw'd, or by threats, or by frown, we contend,
For charters held ſacred and dear;
Reject, as unworthy, the name of a friend,
Each face that ſhall daunted appear:
Determin'd to live, or to die by the cauſe,
We pledge both the hand and the heart;
To maintain all our rights, our liberties, laws,
And ne'er from the ſtandard depart.
And ne'er &c.

So long as the name of a Briton ſurvives,
Shall Freedom's ſhrill echo be-heard;
So long as we ſpare not our fortunes nor lives,
Shall Britons live honour'd and fear'd.
Dear Liberty, then, let us never reſign,
For which our fore-fathers long ſtood;
Nor barely ſubmit to reſtraint or confine,
But ſeal the rich prize with our blood.
But ſeal the rich prize with our blood.